



ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND CLASS MATTER. COPYRIGHT 1881 BY THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.

Price

NEW YORK, JUNE 2, 1883.

10 Cents.



FRANKLIN SQUARE LITHOGRAPHIC CO., 324-28 PEARL ST.

**THE REJECTED-LOVER SUICIDE MANIA.**

YOUNG LADY TO REJECTED ONE—"O, please don't destroy yourself here; it would make such a muss. Go drown yourself; it's so much neater!"



## THE JUDGE.

324, 326 and 328 Pearl St., (Franklin Square.)

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers, . . . . . \$5.00  
 One copy, six months, or 26 numbers, . . . . . 2.50  
 One copy, for 13 weeks, . . . . . 1.25

POSTAGE FREE.

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
 324, 326 and 328 Pearl St., New York.

EUROPEAN AGENTS:

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11 Boulevard St., (Fleet St.)  
 LONDON, ENGLAND.

### NOTICE.

Contributors must put their valuation upon the articles they send to us (subject to a price we may ourselves fix), or otherwise they will be regarded as gratuitous. Stamps should be inclosed for return postage, with name and address, if writers wish to regain their declined articles.

### THE SUICIDE MANIA.

SUICIDE seems to be epidemic; it sweeps over the face of the land in recurrent waves. At one time a man will bear all the accumulated ills of life without seeking surcease of sorrow in the last dread resort; at another he will shuffle off the mortal coil to escape the annoyance of a toothache. Why this is thus, let doctors decide. That it is so, files of newspapers and statistics prove. Perhaps the commonest cause of suicide is love—in nine out of every ten cases of *felo de se* the coroner's jury might well return a verdict, "Died from affection of the heart." As a matter of fact, young men who are soft enough to kill themselves for love, are soft enough to be readily spared from the community; so suicide is salutary in their case. It is to be regretted, however, that before exploring with a bullet the cavity where their own brains should be, they frequently kill the girls who have had sense enough to refuse them. Sensible girls are all too few to be disposed of in this way. Seriously, though, suicides are not to be mourned, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they do not deserve to live, and perform the only sensible act of their lives when they leave them (their lives) forever.

### THE SAVINGS BANK BILL.

THERE has been a bill under discussion recently at the Executive Chamber at Albany, known as the Page Savings Bank Bill, which the Governor has very wisely and promptly killed. This bill professes to be designed to remove from savings banks the limitations which at present preclude them from seeking the higher paying forms of investment; read between the lines we find it to be a bill for dumping four hundred million dollars, belonging to

the working men and women of New York State into Wall street. This is rather startling, but it is none the less true. The very interests that advocate the bill tend to throw suspicion upon it. Mr. Vanderbilt's son-in-law, Mr. Elliott F. Shepard, is loud in its praise. He cannot see anything harmful in the bill. Naturally he cannot. What Wall-street man could see anything harmful in a measure which would give the street \$400,000,000 more capital to operate upon, and would apply such a stimulus to stock speculation as it has not known for years. Mr. Shepard argues that the savings banks are now so restricted by law that they are unable to pay their depositors as high a rate of interest as they should do; and very properly are they restricted. They are the custodians of the people's money, of the workingman's savings; there is nothing more pitiable, no financial crash works such misery as the collapse of a savings bank. Far better for the workingman to have his money kept safely for him at a moderate rate of interest as he has been doing, than to receive a few large dividends and then lose his principal in some sudden crash of values. The higher the rate of interest the worse the security, is one of the fundamental maxims of finance, and the money of savings banks is the last money in the world to use in speculation.

Mr. Shepard insisted that the bill did not compel the savings banks to invest in wildcats. Certainly not; but it allowed them to do so, and in a matter of legislation this is quite as bad. Again we say that Mr. Shepard, in this matter, does not come into court with clean hands. He is too obviously interested in Wall street, and certainly the passage of the bill would be a red-letter day for the speculators, who could well afford to paraphrase the words of their chief and say: "The workingmen be d—." But the country at large cannot afford to say this. The workingman is of more value to us than is the speculator, and there can be little doubt but that the effect of the bill would have been to weaken the savings banks, to make speculators and gamblers of them, and to throw them into the hands of the Wall-street clique. The Governor and the State officers would not have the time necessary to look into every class of security offered by speculators. The trustees of certain banks would be sure to invest in the class of securities included in this bill, and in this way pay a higher rate of interest for a year or two. This would attract depositors thither, and when the crash came—as come it inevitably must—the ruin would be more widespread and disastrous.

On the whole, a more mischievous and dangerous measure has not been devised for many a day. It is a bold card, played by the worst form of capital in its great and unscrupulous game with labor. The Governor, in his veto, played the only trump that could beat it.

### BILLIARDS.

THE interest taken in sporting matters in New York, and, for that matter, throughout the country at large, of late years has been something phenomenal. Everyone recollects the craze that took possession of our people with regard to the walking matches; how thousands of people would pay for the privilege of staying up all night to look at a few overwearied men plodding monotonously round a tan-bark track; how men would be willing to breathe the vitiated air of the great building; how ladies would present flowers; how all the papers would devote columns each morning to an account of the performances of the pedestrian heroes, and how all classes of the community were worked up to a pitch of enthusiasm little short of lunacy. That is all over now, at least for the present; pedestrianism has had its day, and whether it will ever again revive the same degree of interest in the public mind, may well be questioned. But it has had its successor. The mania now is for glove-fights, and enormous crowds willingly pay fancy prices for the privilege of seeing a couple of men hammer each other with gloves for a few minutes. Doubtless the assemblage that cheered Sullivan and Mitchell the other night was substantially the same as has often roared itself hoarse over the feats of Rowell and Hazael. And then we have the additional craze of billiards.

Billiards, however, seems to the intelligent mind a more worthy object of interest. It presents as good facilities for betting as either walking matches or boxing bouts, and it is a game of pure skill. It calls for science, and consequently for practice; for nerve, and consequently for rigid and abstinent training; it does not keep the man who would watch it conscientiously up all night, as did the walking matches. On the other hand his pleasure is not limited to a few minutes, as in the boxing exhibition; and it is a game at which nine out of every ten young men can do a little themselves. Therefore it is readily within the comprehension of the masses, and consequently enjoyable. Almost anyone can judge of the beauty and delicacy of a stroke at billiards, for he knows just how difficult—or impossible, as the case may be—he would find it to duplicate it himself. In the recent billiard tournaments, too, there has been a sufficiency of international rivalry infused to insure an unflagging interest. And if science be superior to brute force, surely a billiard exhibition should rank higher than one of either boxing or walking. However, boxing has the call just now, and there was probably more money paid to see the ten minutes of warm work between Mitchell and Sullivan than there was for the whole series of games in which the champions crossed cues. But, of course, the dear people will pay their money for what they are most anxious to see, irrespective of considerations of science or art or of anything outside of their own sweet will.

TOO MUCH PUBLICITY.

"ONCE a public man, always a public man." The dear people will not have it otherwise. Having once set up a golden calf in a high place they will worship it, though a grove should spring up around it, and it seeks to seclude itself from their gaze. Let a man be once listened to as an oracle, and an oracle he must remain, and the people insist on regarding his every day utterances as oracular. This may be flattering, but it has its drawbacks; it may be friendly but it is very unpleasant. It is not very long since a gentleman gave a dinner party and invited a few of his friends thereto. He was a private gentleman; his friends—though some of them bore names of national reputation—were private gentlemen also. They were no longer in public life. But the next morning the papers contained the social chit chat of that dinner table, garbled and distorted and twisted into the semblance of a speech, and put into the mouth of one of the guests. The loose badinage over the walnuts and wine was credited with a weight of political import, and the whole was ascribed to a guest at that dinner table whose name—although he has retired from public life—is sufficient in itself to arrest attention and to challenge interest.

Now this is not as it should be. If the privacy of the social circle is to be invaded, who can regard himself as safe? Are there no penetralia into which the spies of the press will not follow a man whose name has become a name to conjure by? Are our citizens to have no private opinions which are not liable to be erected into indications of public importance? Furthermore, if after-dinner conversations are to be reported as political speeches, what check is there on the reporter's imaginative faculty; what check is there even on his innocently faulty memory? In the very nature of things it is impossible to report such loose conversation as we refer to, *verbatim et literatim*. The reporter must trust to his memory—and as the reporter must be one who is willing to violate the sanctity of private intercourse, and shamelessly betray the confidence he invites, it is not unfair to assume that he is not incapable of garbling what he gives, and of supplying the lapses in a treacherous memory from the copious fount of a vivid imagination. It is much better for the press to leave private citizens, in their private capacity, alone. It will have enough to do if it report rightly the public acts of public men.

Two friends in Tennessee went out to stalk deer. One seeing the other some distance off in the underbrush mistook him for the animal they were in search of and shot him. The shooter was very much put out by the accident, but was greatly consoled by the fact that his friend "died game."



MISTER JONSSING—"Lor bless de chile!—How pale he am. Guess you'ze been indulgin' in too many of dem bernana skins, agin."

HOUNDS OF THE PRESS.

AMONG the many and great benefits conferred upon the world by the press, we find several items which more properly belong on the other side of the ledger—which, in fact, may be set down as positive injuries. The power exercised by the press is sufficient to cast a stigma upon any walk of life which it persistently brands, and, in this country at least, no life is so systematically vilified as a public one. It may be because high winds blow on high hills, but certain it is that no sooner does any man raise himself above his fellows than against him are forthwith leveled all the slings and arrows of an outrageous press. It is not because such men are as a rule worse than the ruck from which they emerge, but scandal loves a shining mark, and when a man begins to shine, that moment he is marked. Now, since we are all mortal and fallible, there is no one whose life, exposed to the broad light of public scrutiny, will stand absolutely flawless. People are conscious of this, and the very consciousness keeps back many a man, who could worthily serve his country, from putting himself forward to do so. To be a candidate for office is to have every fault and shortcoming exposed to the third and fourth generation; to hold office is to be at once made sponsor for every crime or failing that may appertain to the official, and not a few of which he never heard or thought. Under these circumstances it is not wonderful that the best man—the man by whom we would wish to be governed if we had a choice—holds aloof, and the country is run by men who are either pachydermatous enough to be proof against abuse, or by men whose characters are so bad intrinsically that the worst vilification seems like flattery.

And when public life does show a man that is all, or nearly all, a public man should be, then the press immediately sets to work to compel his retirement. It may probably succeed. It succeeded in the case of Roscoe Conkling—a man against whose name the taint of a dishonest action was never breathed; a man who towered head and

shoulders above his fellows by the sheer force of intellect. The press hounded him—and why? Because—this was the only accusation that malice itself could bring against him—because he was a boss. That is to say, that a man born to be a leader had followers. Things could not be otherwise. He was boss in virtue of the intellect Heaven had bestowed upon him. It was necessarily so. As well blame cream for rising to the surface of milk as blame Conkling for rising above his fellows. As well blame water for seeking its level as blame his fellows for being led by him.

Well, he has retired from public life, and is public life any better for it? Never a year passes but the press hounds some good man away from his post, or flings mud on the helm of affairs till no man with clean hands can be found to hold it. It is disheartening; it is unreasonable; its cause, if it be not innate malice, baffles conjecture.

But stay, does it baffle conjecture altogether? We have all heard that the unsuccessful or disappointed artist is the severest critic. Can it be possible that the editors and controllers of these papers who can find no good in anything, are all of them soured by disappointment? Are they only jealous curs after all, who snarl at the foot of an eminence which they are unable to ascend? and is it only the curish instinct that bays at the brave pioneer who has made the ascent? Since nothing pleases them, since none can meet their tastes, it must be confessed that it looks very like it.

WENDELL PHILLIPS says "the best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living." How thorough the education of the masses must be, and yet how few appreciate the method of obtaining it! Most people would be willing to take their chances on the education obtained in college, and let some one else have the benefit of the struggle.

BLAIR says: "Taste consists in the power of judging; genius in the power of executing." Then a judge must be a man of taste and the sheriff a genius.

WAGNER's dog was buried with him. No doubt his friends thought that as Wagner was a composer it was the best way to quiet the dog.



REFINED CRUELTY.  
Tooth-picks, only five cents a package.



SPRING.  
TIME TO GET UP.

#### INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

FROM MRS. STUYVESANT GILHOOLEY TO ARAMINTA BROWN.

MY DEAREST GIRL—I suppose you will never forgive me for not being at home when you called yesterday, and I know you think I sent down a white lie by the servant when I said I was out, but indeed I had just gone out on a round of visits; some I had owed so long. There was poor Mrs. Starkington now; you know how people have been talking about her, and though I grant she has been very foolish, yet I cannot really believe all the gossip one hears, and, poor thing, she needs the countenance of a woman in my position. I met old Filkins there—just as beaush as ever; poor old fellow, does he never mean to give in. He is made up like a stage beauty, and the only passable feature he has is his teeth, and he must have paid a pretty long price for them.

You were not at Mrs. Senator Smith's ball the other night. I was sorry to miss you, but to tell you the truth I hardly dared to expect you—the party was really extremely select. And then, you know, dearest Araminta, everyone is supposed to be on duty more or less at such entertainments, and to fill some special niche in the evening, and really you know single ladies who have passed their *premiere jeunesse* have no special niche reserved for them in this great busy world of ours. Sad, of course, but then it is true—how true no one knows better than you do, dearest.

I see you have written another song. I do hope it may not fall as flat as the last one, but the opportunity for publication is well chosen just now. There is a rage for that kind of thing, and any musical trash will go down.

I suppose you heard that Mrs. Waters has left her husband. Of course they try to gloss it over—that is all very right and proper for the dear children's sake, and I affect to believe that she has gone on a visit to her people in Illinois, but I know better. You may trust me for scenting out a scandal

anywhere, and though my natural good nature prevents my spreading it they can't fool me, Araminta, and there's no use trying. Why, to cite an instance you will remember, just recall how hard you tried to pull the wool over my eyes when your own engagement with Simkins fell through, and how very far you were from succeeding. Mark my words, there will turn out to be just such a horrid story back of Mrs. Waters' western trip, as there was back of your broken-off engagement.

I have got nothing in the world against Mrs. Waters, and I would be the very last to try and take away anyone's character, and very possibly she has a brother in Illinois, and very possibly she may have gone to visit him, but *I doubt it*.

Now, dearest, I must say good-bye. I have been so longing to see you and I am so provoked that I should have been out when you called, you can't think. Drop in again, like a darling, when you have time. A single woman has always so much more time at her disposal than the head of a great household like mine; and then you are semi-literary too, and must necessarily do an immense amount of running around. Good-bye, love.

Ever your true and affectionate friend,  
GERTRUDE STUYVESANT GILHOOLEY.

GOLDSMITH says: "To be poor and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise." Oliver is right. If you can make the public believe that you button your coat up to your chin to hide your diamonds from thieves you will have plenty of kind friends willing to help you, even though the truth be you conceal the only shirt you have, and that a dirty one. The public which would cheerfully kick a man who is down, is generally willing to help a man who is independent of it.

A DRIVER in Brooklyn has been killed by a bag of salt. The *Brooklyn Times*, which reports the accident, truthfully remarks on it as a very singular one. Salt, unlike most doctors, cures more than it kills.

#### ROMANCE AND REALITY.

FOR DECORATION DAY.

DREAMING by the dreamy sea,  
Living, loving happily,  
Heedless of the world beyond,  
Foolish, fanciful and fond,  
They two dwelt in sweet content  
While the great world came and went;  
Culling blossoms of romance  
Over history's broad expanse,  
Dreaming dreams of what had been—  
Twenty wooing seventeen.

Lovers of the Viking's time  
Softly sung in Runic rhyme:  
Bayard, fearless, without stain;  
Roland's maid of Allemagne,  
Springing from the poet's page,  
Feed the hearts that they engage—  
So they loved and wandered on  
Through a world of heroes gone.

She in his young eyes could see  
Launcelot's budding chivalry;  
To her heart a soul he had  
Stainless as Sir Galahad;  
In his wooing lived again  
All the grace of Sir Gawaine,  
And he seemed in everything  
Perfect as the Blameless King.

He could fancy in her smiles  
Lissome Vivien's winning wiles;  
In his eyes she seemed more fair  
Than the lovely Guinevere;  
True as Enid; and, above  
All the chivalry of love,  
Perfect, pure, without a stain,  
As the lily maid, Elaine.

Oft they wished that they could fly  
Back to centuries gone by,  
Turning to a younger age  
As they turned the poet's page,  
So her hero might again  
Splinter lance for fair Elaine,  
While she wrought on azure field  
Broided lilies for his shield.

Pleasant fancies overwrought  
Shrink to gain the goal they sought;  
Sweet, no doubt, on that calm shore  
To live bygone ages o'er;  
Sweet to think how ladies then  
Girt the sword on warlike men,  
Giving ribbon, knot or glove  
To be cherished for their love—

But when, in the modern world,  
Battle's standards are unfurled;  
When the armies marching come  
To the tap of modern drum,  
Then the superseded lance  
Is as useless as romance.

When, asserting for the North,  
Sumter's cannon thundered forth;  
When the trumpet's blatant mouth  
Called the armies of the South,  
Launcelot's honor, without stain,  
Seemed as naught to poor Elaine—  
All she knew or cared to know  
Is—her lover lad must go.

"Stay, my love," she pleaded, "stay."  
"Would Gawaine have faltered, say?"  
"But he held no maiden dear."  
"Launcelot loved his Guinevere."  
So they questioned, hour by hour,  
Hero lore had lost its power,  
And the bravest knights of old  
Seemed less chivalrous than cold.

So they parted—and no word

Did she speak of girding sword—  
Only to his bosom crept,  
Hid her face and sorely wept;  
But, while he was lingering still,  
Love lent power to her will,  
Lent a smile that flickered wan  
For a moment, and was gone,  
As she took from her bright hair  
One blue ribbon nestling there,  
Gave it him, and kissed again—  
“Wear this token for Elaine?”  
So the youth her favor bore,  
Like Sir Launcelot, to the war.

Watching, waiting, poor Elaine  
Hopes for weary months in vain;  
Then the tidings slipped along,  
Like some half-forgotten song,  
Broke upon her ear; it seemed  
Some old story she had dreamed;  
She had heard it all before—  
How her lover joined the war;  
She had heard, but half forgot,  
How that picket who was shot  
On his post in Maryland  
Held a ribbon in his hand—  
A blue ribbon, stained with blood.  
Once, perchance, a maiden's snood.  
She had heard it all before—  
Then she sank and knew no more.

When a grateful nation now  
Places wreaths above each brow  
Of the gallant dead who fought  
For her life—so dearly bought—  
And, forgiving to the end,  
Laurels foe as well as friend,  
Every year above one grave,  
Hidden where the blossoms wave,  
Midst the green leaves shining through,  
A fresh knot of ribbon blue—  
The trophy he had loved so well—  
She brings him—his best immortelle.

G. H. JESSOP.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORIES.

WITH PATENT SELF-SUGGESTING MORALS.

## NO. VI.

OF course everyone who attends Sunday-school at all, or is in any respect partial to Sabbath literature, knows all about Samson. How he was very strong indeed; in fact the strongest man that ever lived—and how he rent lions, and carried gates on his back, and how he finally pulled down a veranda and thereby put an end to himself and a considerable number of his enemies at the same time. Even better known than Samson was the great American giant, whose deeds and whose misdeeds make the achievements of Samson seem very little indeed.

This giant lived in various parts of America, and his strength was prodigious. There was actually nothing that he could not do. He leveled mountains, bridged rivers, built railroads, loaded steamships, and unloaded mines—there was positively no end to his achievements. There was only one trouble about the giant; his appetite was tremendous—almost necessarily so, considering his enormous bulk and superhuman strength—and it was sometimes difficult to provide him with enough to eat. Nor was his mental endowment at all proportionate to his physical strength. He was not very well educated, and he used to listen readily to flatterers and counselors who too often had anything but his good at heart.

But, after all, the great problem was to find sustenance enough to stay his enormous appetite. Of course he received pay for his services—such services as they were. No public work could be undertaken without



## WOUNDED HONOR.

The late celebrated duel between an Undertaker and a Brewer, in Chicago. Swords, beer and coffins for two. Happily the coffins, unlike the duellists, were not filled, and they both still live to "down" their fellow-men.

him; no engineering project could so much as be mooted without reference to him. Were a new building contemplated, there was no one but the great American giant to hew the stones and set them in place, and in fact do all the work. So you will see that it was for everyone's interest to take care that he was well fed.

The care of providing for the giant fell mostly on one enormously rich man who lived in the neighborhood. He did not saddle himself with the cost of maintaining this giant for nothing, you may be sure, for he was a selfish, calculating man, and always looked for a good return from every dollar he paid out. But the giant used to do a great deal of work about the rich man's place, and by his toil enhanced the value of the latter's possessions, so that, as a rule, the meals were supplied cheerfully enough.

But there came a time when provisions grew dearer, and when the giant's appetite, so far from showing any falling off, appeared more prodigious than ever. Moreover, the rich man did not find so ready a market as usual for the result of his big employee's handywork. It was at this moment that the giant, afflicted with his perennial hunger, and, simple, good-natured soul, listening to the advice of flatterers and interested demagogues, concluded to insist on having four meals a day instead of three, as heretofore. Now to the rich man the additional cost of this one meal a day just made the difference between his making a small profit off the giant's labor and incurring an actual loss by supporting him. He refused the demand, and the giant said he would work no more without it.

So things were at a deadlock, with the most disastrous results for both. So long as the giant refused to labor save on his own terms, the great works which the capitalist had started remained on his hands idle and unproductive, for there was no one except the giant who could carry them on. On the other hand, the rich man having cut off the supplies, there was no one to feed the giant; so he had to go hungry, or beg what scraps of broken victuals he could, while every day of

his enforced idleness made him thinner and the capitalist poorer. The strength of both was impaired. The giant could not do as much work as he could once have done, and the straitened means of the capitalist would have made the furnishing of even three meals a day a severe drain on his resources. So here stood this blinded Samson—blinded by the cajoling of evil advisers—tugging with his mighty strength at the pillars of the capitalist. He may succeed in bringing them down; he will severely bruise the capitalist if he does; but he will infallibly crush himself. And if the capitalist yields to terrorism, and gives him four meals a day, will that make up for the loss of many weeks during which he has not had a meal at all?

Samson pulled down the Philistine's balcony, knowing that it would crush himself, but willing to give his own life to immolate his foes. Our American giant is pulling at the pillars of capital, forgetting that their fall will bury himself, and forgetting also that in seeking to destroy capital he is waging war on his own interests—seeking to destroy what political economy would teach him is the complement of his own existence. And the end is not yet.

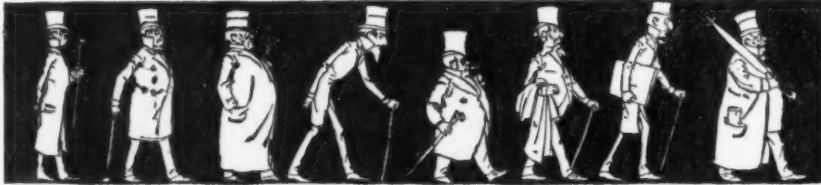
\* \* \* \* \*

The moral of the above will be found in every strike in which the manifest justice of his demands does not ensure the workingman an immediate victory.

"LAKE escapes," is the heading of an account of the flight of a bold, bad criminal which appeared in the *Wilmington Evening Evening*. Before we read the item, and when guided only by the head-light, or the light of the heading, we were prepared to arrest Lake Superior or Michigan, if we met them on Broadway, and turn them over to the proper authorities. We have all heard of arresting a flood; why not a lake, too, if necessary? •

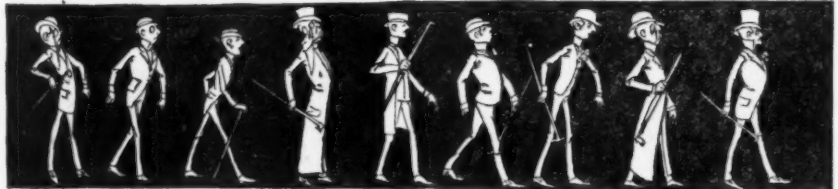
"We are not missed," says a poem, that is now going the rounds. Well, scarcely, except we get away with the boodle. Polk was missed, you know.

## HALF-PAST EIGHT AND HALF-PAST NINE.



CHIMES the steeple "Half-past Eight";  
 "L" roads then increase their rate;  
 Solid merchants gravitate  
 To their various places.  
 Throngs increase in down-town streets;  
 All the passers-by one meets  
 Promise mighty business feats  
 In their earnest faces.

CHIMES the steeple "Half-past Nine";  
 Crowds are better dressed, more fine;  
 Gilded youth falls into line,  
 Pale, insipid, weary;  
 "Business is a deuced bore—  
 Didn't get to bed till four;  
 Awful grind, that beastly store,  
 When a fellow's beery!"



## GUNS FOR ONE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

THE following story, founded on a series of events which transpired toward the beginning of the present century, is, I will at once admit, a terrible and ghastly tale of dueling, to be read by strong men only, and by them with caution; but if each of these will carefully bear in mind that the story as here narrated is for the most part only a figment of my own fancy, he may be able to read it and still retain sufficient power of reason for the more ordinary duties of life—such as carving the morning sausage and begging passes on the railroad; but it is hardly necessary to state that he will never afterward be able to invent even a substitute for gunpowder, or to give to the world a new and satisfactory falsehood for club nights. Here is the story:

FREDERICO GUEPPARDO—A MEDIEVAL TALE OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

At length, as the sardonic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet which breathed a note of defiance from the vicinity of the Southern Hotel. (This note of course proceeded from an unknown knight, who now comes in.)

The suit of armor of the new comer was formed of a three-button cutaway richly inlaid with a vest of the same diagonal goods, and his magnificent old-gold scarf-pin, which had with infinite skill been fashioned by the cunning goldsmiths of Italy into the exact shape of a board, bore no other mark nor cognizance than a certain quaint legend whose graceful letters, in their more than arabesque beauty, had first been chased by Benvenuto Cellini, and afterwards enameled in gas-light green, with all the delicacy of a Kelly and the quaint elegance of a Cheyenne wedding. (The legend simply read as follows: KEEP OFF THE GRASS.)

Vanderbilt, to whom I hastened humbly to submit the original, immediately pronounced it a real Diaz by Murillo, and he is to have it framed for his luxurious home on Fifth Avenue, where it will be hung over the piano. This opinion, by the world's greatest art-connoisseur, is the more valuable as it was given one day when he had left his seal-skin dolman up at the house. Humbler lovers of the beautiful might put a faithful copy, *applique*, on pasteboard, of like shape, and utilize the result as a single-barreled, head-light stud. The cost, including copy of THE JUDGE, paste and board, will not exceed eleven cents, being thus a clear saving

of fourteen cents over the plan pursued by our profligate *jeunesse doree* in procuring for themselves this necessary deformity. There is the further advantage for the wearer of this design as a dress-stud, that in the daytime he can hire himself out to stand in Central Park. But, to return to our mutton, or hero, rather, who is advancing toward us.

He was mounted on a gallant yellow horse-car with a red light, and as he rode up the avenue he gracefully ogled the more prepossessing young ladies in a manner which was certainly free, and which showed not only a perfect good breeding, but also a nicely simulated disregard of the frowns upon the faces of the young ladies' escorts. He reined in his horse-car at the entrance of the hotel, and walking directly into the lobby, accosted in loud tones and with unheard-of temerity the noble Colonel of Orleans and St. Louis. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more so than the redoubtable Colonel himself, who, not expecting such a challenge, and in point of fact not expecting any challenge at all, was idly leaning against the clerk's desk and abstractedly filling his ulster pocket with tooth-picks, as the clerk's absence, from time to time, gave him opportunity. (Yes, he was badly frightened, but he began to bluff, as follows):

"And who art thou, rash springald, that would'st pit thy puny strength and gristly bone against the might of St. Louis' haughty Colonel? Know'st thou not that I am a Southron, and that for thirty *years*, not *days*, I have consumed two bonfires *per diem*, between sun and sun? Wot'st thou not that I belong to one of the best families in the South, and that, to wipe a stain off my outraged honor, I would shoot you across the street?"

"Nay, I wot not and I care not," answered the unknown in a gloomy voice; "I care not though you be a member of the worst family, you must fight, and that not across the street nor out of a drug-store window, but here, and with the arms Nature has given you."

"Never!" cried the Colonel; "never shall it be said that a member of the Southern aristocracy so far demeaned himself as to engage in combat with other than the arms of a true knight. Other arms we leave to Morris and Northern churls. But with a gentleman's weapons I will fight. Nothing can prevent me; nothing can extinguish the dreadful fires of passion now burning in my heart. Ha! man has dared affront me. Man! A school-girl blush mantles in my bronzed and war-scarred cheek at the simple

thought! Your blood must wash it out—your blood!"

"Blood?"

"Aye, blood!"

"Never!" cried the unknown, with feeling; "never! the difference in our rank forbids that—"

"Rank! And dost thou question the rank of a fire-eater of St. Louis? *Gimini cricquette!* and think'st thou the insult will go unavenged? No—and by the heaven that bends above us, though thy birth proved thee unworthy to be foeman of mine, yet would I force thee to meet me foot to foot and point to point. Thou must'st die. I leave thee now to the few remaining hours of thy miserable existence; but first tell me the name of one so rash or so unfortunate as to awake the Sleeping Lion of the *Sherical Democrat*. Give me thy title and thy qualities; I warrant me they are not registered in the Herald's Book."

"Perchance not, by'r Lady, forsooth, and so forth!" answered the unknown; "and neither will I reveal them. The disclosure of my name alone would strike terror to your caittiff heart, and the recital of my deeds would palsy you with horror and shivering fear. I will be merciful, and spare you."

"Gramercy for your courtesy, O flower, (lily, perhaps), of chivalry—as I doubt not that you are—a thousand thanks; and, noble knight, perhaps you will add to the burden of obligation under which your generosity has already placed me, by inscribing your name, when the fatal day arrives, on some neighboring fence, that, after the duel is over, I may know whom I have slain—that I may know,"

and his voice assumed its most imperious and high-born Southron tones, "that I may know what to call the contemptible dish I have served to disappointed crows!"

"Ha, ha! a brave jest," replied the unknown, with a laugh, which sounded from within the bars of his visor like the gurgling of the sea under polar ice, "ha, ha, ha! a brave and worthy jest! Put it in *Punch!*"

"And now," he added suddenly, and raising his voice until the echoes reverberated from the arching dome, and a chambermaid, who was passing, fell through the sky-light; "now, since you have asked it, I will tell you who I am. I am"—and the clarion tones rang out like a ring of Lieberwerst—"I am Federico Gueppardo—*income*, eighty thousand. The public b. d.!" FUSH.

THAT is a pretty stiff investigation going on at Tewksbury, and on the whole is a grave subject. The action of the almshouse authorities in dickering in human bodies was wrong as a matter of course.

## CHRONICLES OF GOTHAM.

## CHAPTER I.

1. HERE begin the Chronicles of Gotham, in the later days when Chester ruled in Unculpsam.

2. For after the days of the New Gospel of Peace which was preached by Ulysses, which prevailed not, and after the days of Abraham whose surname was Garfield, Edson was made chief ruler in the camp of the Gothamites.

3. In these days a way was set up, a high and mighty way, which leadeth from Gotham in the land of Manhattan, to the camp of Tabernacles on the island called Long.

4. And the high priest of the camp of the Tabernacles was called Low, because he was in no way high, though peradventure he thought himself so.

5. He and his following, called Durrekters, and the high priest of Gotham, called Edson and his following, did make to themselves great glory by reason of the way that had been set up, over and across the river called Yeast, which floweth between the camps.

6. Now this way was mighty to look upon, which crosseth between the camp of the Gothamites and the camp of the Tabernacles, and over the river Yeast, and the name of this way was Therbrige.

7. Now the high priests of the camps did gather themselves and their followings together, and pray aloud, and the manner of their prayers were Damizize and Damizole, and they prayed mightily.

8. And their prayers were for a harvest of shekels.

9. Yea, even shekels from all the sojourners in either camp, who by nature of their wants did visit from camp to camp.

10. Even the workers of brass and metals, both male and female workers, and the young and the old, and those who by reason of toil should live in one camp and labor in the other camp.

11. They and all their families, even to the third and fourth generation, should pay tribute to the mighty Durrekters, so they might wax rich.

12. And the people complained aloud against the tribute, saying, it is unjust that we should pay tribute to this tribe, whose surname is Thering.

13. But the prayers and petitions of the people in nowise affected them, for they were hard of heart and covetous, and only softened when presents were made to them in the likeness of their God.

14. And the name of their God was Almighty Dohlar, and the images of him were of gold and silver, yea even paper likewise.

15. Now it came to pass in the fifth month and the twenty-fourth day thereof, Thering said to the Durrekters we will make a feast and a great jubilee, for Therbrige is complete.

16. Now when the fifth month had come and the day thereof, the children of Gotham and the children of the camp of Tabernacles did gather themselves as one man on either side of the river called Yeast, which floweth between the camps.

17. And there also were gathered together the chief ruler of the country of Unculpsam whose name was Chester, and his high priests, and the ruler of the camp of Gotham and of the camp of Tabernacles and their following.

18. And also were there the Durrekters, Thering, and so many rulers and high



## THE PRESENT OUTLOOK FOR THE STATUE.

LIBERTY—(Just arrived)—Hello! No place for me to stand, yet?

UNCLE SAM—So sorry—just take a seat for a few minutes. Will be ready shortly, I hope.

priests of camps round about as by reason of help of their God, Dohlar, could get there.

19. And there were soldiers, and horses, and chariots, and divers wonderful and singular things, ships that went by the boiling of water, and chariots that went high up in the air, and they were called Elroad, and they were fearful to look upon.

20. And when Therbrige was shown to the people, there was sound of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltry, dulcimer and all kinds of music. And the governor of the city made an ovation, and he spoke to the people and Thering.

21. And they made burnt offerings to Thering and they gave money to the masons and to the carpenters, and meat and drink offerings, and of oil unto them of Gotham and unto them of the camp of Tabernacles.

22. And they sung aloud to the God Dohlar, and the people shouted with a great shout and they praised Thering, because of the way called Therbrige.

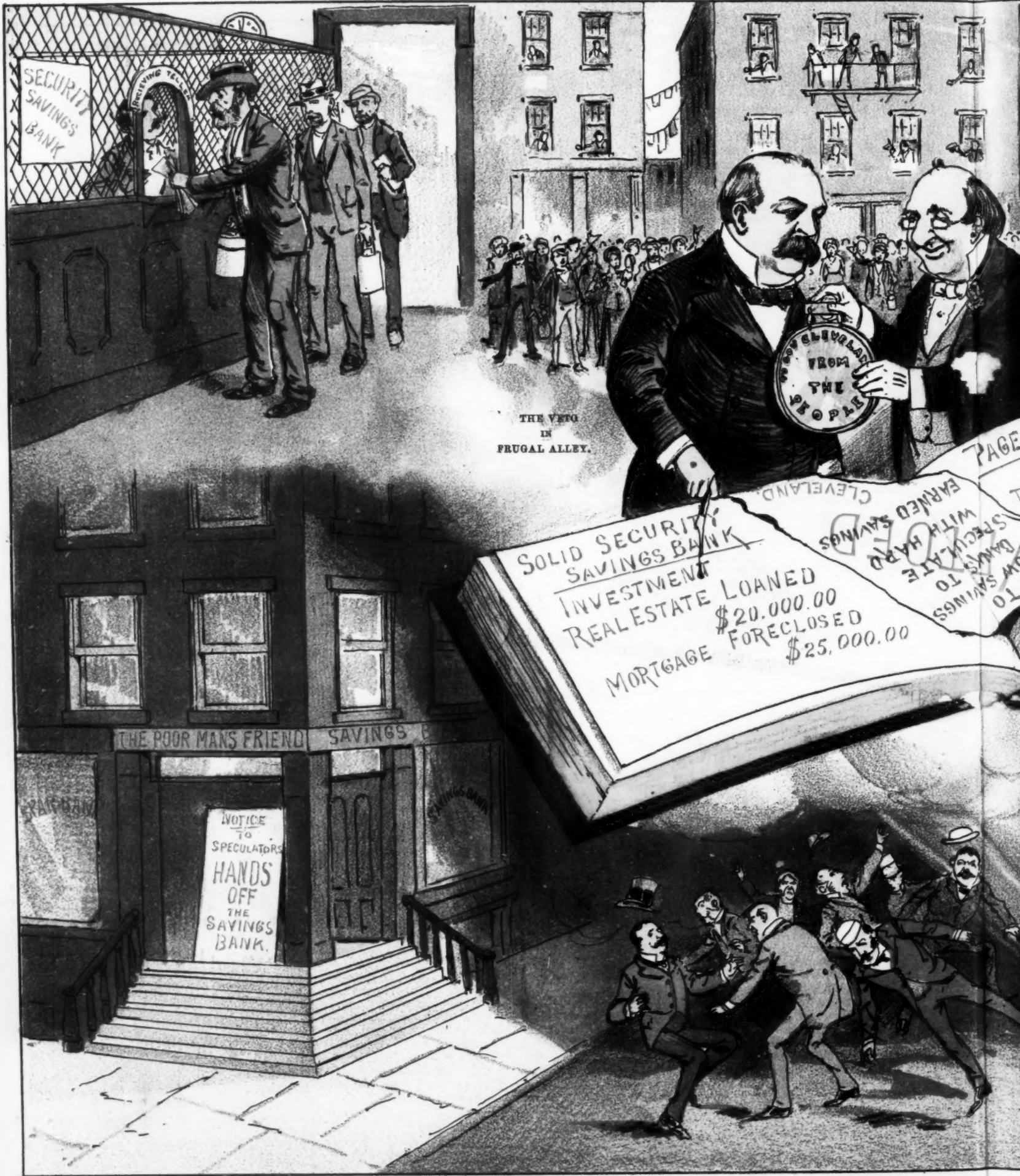
23. And many of the high priests and rulers, who were ancient men, that had seen the foundations of Therbrige laid before their eyes, wept aloud, and many shouted for joy, that they had lived so long.

24. So that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the shout of weeping, for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar-off.

25. And the rest of the doings of Thering and of the Durrekters and of the governor of the city whose name was Edson, and of the high priest of the camp of Tabernacles, whose name was Low, and their following, and of other great ones of Thering, and of the riots that were made between Thering and Elroad, are they not to be found in the second Book of Chronicles?

Here endeth the first chapter. B. T. P.

Has anyone stopped to consider how great is the name of Sullivan in this epoch of the nineteenth century? First and foremost, of course, we have John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, of Boston; then we have Sullivan who sprang into notoriety at the Irish convention. No distinctively Irish gathering can be reckoned complete without a Sullivan; we forget whether there is one among the Phoenix Park assassins or not; if there is not, we may be sure it is an oversight, and one will be arrested before long. Then there is Arthur Sullivan, the composer. The last, by-the-way, is to be honored with the accolade—in plain English, knighted. The government is afraid to knight Mr. Gilbert, the partner of Sullivan's fame, lest he should found a comic opera on the ceremonial, and cover with ridicule one of the most esteemed honors in the gift of the British crown.



THE VETO  
IN  
FRUGAL ALLEY.

WELL DONE, GOV  
Protecting the Workingman's Money





THE VETO IN SPECULATION AVENUE.

E. GOVERNOR!  
Money by Vetoing the Page Bill.



THE house begins to look quite pretty, and the dining-room is really a work of art. Owing to my superior management I have succeeded in getting the landlord to paint the walls a dark red, which, with a lovely dado and frieze, set off to advantage the old carved sideboard and claw-foot leather-covered lounge. The chairs, too, have come home, and are very much admired. Even Heraclitus takes a certain amount of pride in showing them off. But I frequently remind him that if it hadn't been for me he never would have been the possessor of such rare antiques. After the big rug was down and the furniture all in the room, it struck me there was still something lacking; a vacant space on one side of the chimney needed filling, and I lay awake half the night thinking about it. The next morning, without saying a word to Herae, I went around to dear mother's and coaxed her to let me have an old secretary that had been in the family goodness only knows how many years. It was very handsome in its day, has always been carefully kept, and hasn't a scratch on it. The lower part has a writing desk, with drawers below it reaching to the floor, and the handles are all of brass. The upper part has glass doors, and has always been used as a bookcase. As soon as the thing arrived I had it placed in the dining-room, and (as I expected) it just filled the aching void that had annoyed me so. I then got a few yards of handsome dark red plush, and lined the whole interior with it. I myself put it on, and by taking a great deal of pains managed to make it lay perfectly smooth. Then I took all my pretty after-dinner coffee cups and saucers and some odd old china pieces and bits of fine colored glass-ware, and arranged them on the shelves, and, if I do say it myself, the effect was perfectly charming. I worked hard, but had it all done before night, and when Heraclitus came in to dinner he was so surprised and pleased that he took me in his arms and kissed me half-a-dozen times, and said, if I liked, we would go to the theatre. Of course I wanted to go, but was dreadfully tired, so he ordered a coupe. We went to Wallack's, for I do like to see Tearle and Rose Coghlan, besides it is such a pretty theatre. Coming out, Broadway was full of cars and carriages, and there was a good deal of confusion, but we at last found our cab, and had just entered it and started up-town, when *smash* went the window on Heraclitus' side as we came in violent collision with a horse-car. I was so frightened that I didn't stop to think what I was doing, and as quick as a flash I opened the door on my side and sprang to the pavement while Heraclitus had his head through the broken window trying to see what the trouble was all about. Meanwhile the driver, totally unconscious of my performance, whip-

ped up his horses and started off at a rattling pace, leaving me standing on the curb, amidst a crowd of on-lookers. For a moment I was paralyzed, but tears came to my relief, and I just stood there and cried, and the more I wept the greater grew the crowd. It seemed to me I'd been there a year when at last the coupe came back, and I saw Heraclitus with his head out of the window, looking all ways at once, in the most bewildered and distracted manner. He soon caught sight of me, and, calling the driver to stop, he told me in no very gentle tone to get back into the hack. I cried all the harder at this, and said I wouldn't, that the driver was drunk, and I was afraid. Just then a policeman came along, and a man in the crowd yelled out, "Hi, there! here's a man trying to abduct a lady!" At this Heraclitus just picked me up and lifted me into the coupe, banging the door at the same time, and telling the driver to "drive like the devil." The speed at which we started scared me so that I began to scream, and the faster we went the more frightened I became. The crowd came running after us for quite a ways, but Heraclitus at last stifled my cries by holding his handkerchief over my mouth, and the driver kept up such a speed that one by one our pursuers fell off, and by the time we reached home there were none to be seen. I was so exhausted that Heraclitus had to carry me up stairs, lay me down on the bed, and ring for a messenger to go for the doctor. By the time my long-wristed gloves, jewelry, etc., had been removed, the doctor arrived. He said my nervous system seemed to be all unstrung, recommended perfect quiet and repose, and left some medicine, to be given every two hours during the night. I must say that Heraclitus behaved very well, and got up regularly to administer the dose, but the next day he told me I had acted very foolishly, and shown a want of proper confidence in my husband by jumping from the cab in the first place, and refusing to enter it when he came back for me, in the second. But that's just like a man! As if I were to blame because he was careless enough to get a driver that couldn't keep out of the way of a horse-car! It was all his own fault, and I told him so. If he'd kept his head inside the coupe, where it belonged, he'd have seen me jump out, and wouldn't have gone off and left the wife of his bosom standing on the curbstone of a crowded thoroughfare at midnight. Of course he couldn't reply to such an argument as this, so he just kissed me and said, "Well, well, don't get excited again on nothing, that's all," and went off down town; but I know he really felt sorry for all the mischief he'd done, and his conscience must have troubled him, as indeed it ought, for he sent me home that afternoon a lovely little ornament. It was a tiny coupe and horse, of Dresden china, and the coupe was filled with the choicest flowers. That evening when he came home to dinner and saw me looking so pale, in a perfectly lovely new white camel's-hair Watteau wrapper, jabotted all the way down the front with coquilles of white lace and narrow white ottoman ribbon, he was awfully affectionate, and told me I could go ahead and furnish the parlor, and make it just as pretty as I wanted to. I was so happy at this that I forgot all about being ill, and jumped up and embraced him so vigorously that he said he thought I must be feeling better. Whereupon I subsided, and became again a languid, and, I trust, not altogether uninteresting

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

SPRING BUTTER—A goat.

### AT THE MATINEE.

BY THE JUDGE'S CITY LYRIST.

He was youthful and blond,  
And his playbill he coned  
With a most unremitting attention;  
His downy moustache  
Gave an air and a dash  
To a face otherwise not worth mention.

She was petite and dark,  
And was up for a lark,  
You could tell by the way that she eyed him:  
I'd forgotten to say  
'Twas at a matinee,  
And she chanced to be seated beside him.

With a shock of surprise  
He encountered her eyes—  
They were instantly veiled as he met them;  
But the one glimpse he caught  
With such meaning was fraught  
That he felt he could never forget them.

He was bashful, poor lad!  
For, you see, he had had  
No experience in this situation.  
Not so with the lass,  
For she borrowed his glass,  
And established at once a flirtation.

"Do you like so and so?"  
"Well, I really don't know!"  
"Isn't Tompkins a beautiful actor?"  
Well, she couldn't quite say,  
But Fitzgreene had a way  
That never had failed to attract her.

'Twas a beautiful play;  
She could listen all day  
With some one (a simper) beside her;  
Then the youth grew more brave,  
Till she told him "Behave!"  
Then with caramels he did provide her.

From this you might say  
That the girl made the play,  
And hooked the unwary new comer;  
Most astonishing this,  
That a boarding-school miss  
Should thus get away with a drummer.

And the moral? Well, that  
Is not hard to get at—  
Spite of *man*kind's supremacy vaunted,  
In the next generation  
The girls of this nation  
Will run the world just as they want it.



OUR FOOTMAN OF THE FUTURE.  
*The Livery of Sin (Ah-Sin.)*

SARATOGA.

I MET her on the train from Saratoga. Unfortunately for me, the seat next hers was the only one vacant. Reluctantly I asked her whether the vacant seat had been reserved. "No." I sat down, took out my paper and began to read. The train was now moving through a beautiful country, which had just emerged from its winter bath, and, in all the freshness of spring, seemed to say, "How do you like me?" Lost in contemplation, now of my paper and now of the beautiful vernality (patented), I was suddenly seized by a desire to observe my neighbor more closely, and, as I was drinking in the various good and bad features of her personality, she suddenly turned and commenced as follows: "Well, young man, do you think that you'll forget to remember me? Do you? Won't this classical head be forever woven into the gray matter of your cerebellum? I know what you are; you are one of those nasty, bold-faced, impudent cheats, a drummer. I know you; I can tell it by the size of your satchel. Don't tell me I labor under a species of mental aberration, or I call the conductor to put you off." Here she stopped for want of breath, and I embraced the opportunity to pacify her thusly: "Madam," said I, "you are mistaken—" "Mistaken!" she shrieked; "Mistaken! Hear the monster! Can't I see the size of your satchel and your cheek? Cant—" Here I interrupted in a voice that knew no quailing, with "Madam, you are entirely mistaken. I regret that I do not belong to the Ancient Order of Commercial Evangelists, but that is an oversight of mine. The cheek has been acquired in my line of business by constant association with all sorts of people; and the satchel I carry because I got it for nothing. Know, madam, that I am the Supreme Boss of the Order of United Laborers, Past Grand Treasurer of the Order of Funny Fellows, Most High Priest of the Worthy Order of Dudes, G. A. C., C. A. D., F. O. O. L., A. S. S., L. A. M. B., etc., etc." I looked at her. She was ashy pale. The enormity of her offence had overcome her. She fell back in her seat and murmured, "Whiskey! rock-and-rye! whiskey!" I turned, looked again; imagine my surprise when I found she was a Salvation Armyist.

N. KAY.

This is a true story. Very many people may feel inclined to doubt it. However, if the word of the best poet of the world and a few other cities is worth anything—and we should kersmile if it were not—you can believe that old proverb, "Truth is mighty, but will lie sometimes."

N. KAY.

SULLIVAN, the pugilist, seems invincible. He has knocked out Mitchell, his latest rival. The best thing for him to do now is to have a little leather automaton built which he could knock out and about to his heart's content, and if the automaton should be provided with clock-work which would impel it to hit back, the thing could be made very exciting.

In a skirmish with redskins, in Mexico, the cavalry dismounted and followed the Indians up a mountain, where they defeated them. This is announced in some papers as "brilliant luck." We don't see it; if the mountain was hard climbing, we would call it rather hard luck.

A cow at Enterprise, Miss., recently gave birth to three calves. Thus does enterprise re-veal the freaks of nature.



MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

NEW DEACON (REFORMED FIGHTER) BEFORE A MEETING OF THE VESTRY.—*There was some bloke—I mean some wicked person—last Sunday, who put two buttons on the plate. I hope, bretherin, you will appoint me a committee of one to find out who it was, and, when found, to jest knock the stuffin out of him.*

THE TRIBUNE'S CRAZY ÆSTHETE.

Is there not one survivor of the *Tribune's* old-time admirers to buy a dictionary for that paper? On Sunday we had that crazy aesthete of theirs again running riot among words he didn't know the meaning of. He had seen Mary Anderson on Broadway, and had come to the conclusion that she excelled all the other women on that thoroughfare "in large, wholesome, Sappho-like ambition." Without pausing to explain what kind of ambition Sappho's was, nor in what respects it resembled Mary Anderson's, apart from the conditions of size and salubrity, he goes on to say, "Shall I say Sapphire ambition?" To which we answer, "You may; it will be no more nonsensical than many other things you have said. And so goes on the paragraph, meandering from one inane phrase to another, and winding up with the startling conclusion that the sapphire is a yellow stone. All the poets who have written of sapphire skies under the impression that the gem was blue, will proceed to take a back seat, and the *Tribune* man will take an emetic and get ready for his dish of drivel next Sunday.

THEY have had a storm out in Denver in which pieces of ice as big as plums fell. It is not stated what variety of plums—probably, as the object was to gauge the size of the hailstones, they were green gages, or perhaps the man who observed the phenomenon was plumb himself. Anyhow they always do things on a big scale out there.

EVOLUTION in liquids is the latest scientific craze. As usual, however, there is nothing new under the sun, and the tramp with his tomato can has been evolving liquid from the ill-drained beer-keg as long as we have been a nation.

CUTTING RATES.—When papa rates Johnny with a hazel switch.

TALKATIVENESS is said to be conducive to longevity, and yet many barbers die young.

MUSIC MAD.

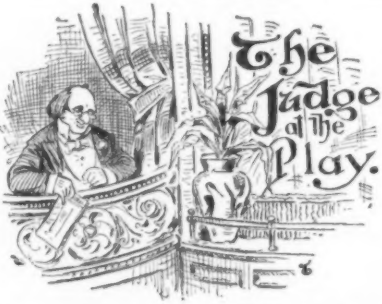
THERE is nothing in the classics that she cannot play at sight. Be it reverie, nocturne or polonaise, And a long-haired Dutch professor, much more often than is right, Is hanging o'er her shoulder as she plays. She's never up to breakfast, which I cannot wonder at, When she's hammered at Beethoven until one, And that horrid Dutch professor never goes to take his hat Till the very latest harmony is done. In the days when I was courting she could rattle off a tune, Some simple thing that I could understand; Or she'd do a zither solo by the soft light of the moon, And 'twas only her piano that was grand. But to-day how sadly altered; almost welcome to my ear Is the carol of the cat upon the fence— And the organ man's performance seems so chaste, and pure, and clear, Since it wins me from the classical humense. Take warning by the symphonies that blast my health and life, Take warning, for I've suffered overmuch; Don't try to seek for music when you're seeking for a wife, And avoid long-haired professors that are Dutch.

A FARMER in Orleans county says he has found, by repeated experiments in his own family, that an acre of the Hubbard squashes will fatten more hogs than the corn which can be raised from the same ground will do. More hogs; in his own family; ahem! But then it is a question whether that description of hogs should be fattened at all. They take up more room in the world, you know.

AN ingenious individual advertised that for \$1 he would give a sure receipt to keep paste from freezing in the coldest weather. A number of enterprising bill-posters answered the advertisement sending the necessary amount of money, and in return got the receipt: "Keep it on a hot stove, you blarsted fool."

A DEALER in counterfeit money was recently interviewed as to the state of trade, and in answer said: "Well, business would be first rate, but we have such trouble to find honestmen to handle the stuff on commission."

If a woman loses her voice driving out chickens, could she be called a blacksmith? She certainly would be a hoarse-shower.



WHEN Albery's "Two Roses" was first produced at the Adelphi, London, it brought a fortune to its managers, but its revival at the Lyceum, a few months ago, was a financial failure, and Mr. Pitt's recent endeavor to make a go of it at the Bijou has proved equally disastrous. In fact there has been no money made at this theatre for some time, and THE JUDGE, being of a reflective turn of mind, naturally begins to speculate upon the reason why. Mr. Pitt had a clever, well-trained company, and both "Caste" and "The Two Roses" were well rendered, and no pains were spared in placing them in a proper manner on the stage. Can it be that Robertson's comedies are literally played out, and have Albery's productions outlived their popularity? A new and original play is certainly needed in more than one theatre in this city, and perhaps a few of the managers would find it quite as profitable to spend their summer on this side the Atlantic, inspecting some of the efforts of American dramatists, as in wandering over London and Paris, buying, borrowing or stealing (as the case may be) plots and plays that, after they are adapted and placed upon the American stage, are more than half the time failures. Take, for instance, the results of the present season, now rapidly drawing to a close. The Standard opened in the fall with "Manteaux Noirs" and was soon followed by "Rip Van Winkle." Both were importations, and both fell flat. Then came "Iolanthe," not successful enough to replenish the exchequer of the establishment, and now "Satanella," which, though running smoothly and doing a little better than at first, will never pay back the money expended on it. "The Silver King" at Wallack's, and "A Parisian Romance" at the Union Square, proved an exception to the general rule, but they have both had their day, and Wallack has been obliged to fall back on such pieces as "The Snowball" and "La Belle Russe," which don't speak well for the resources of such a theatre.

Daly, too, had a serious time with "Serge Panine" and others of the same ilk, but after Pinero's "Squire" had ceased to draw, managed to retrieve his fallen fortunes, to a limited extent, with "The Boomerang."

On the other hand, Bronson Howard's "Young Mrs. Winthrop" proved most lucrative to the Madison Square, and John T. Raymond and M. B. Curtis have made plenty of money out of Mr. Jessop's two plays, "In Paradise" and "Sam'l of Posen." Bartley Campbell's "Siberia" payed well, and if Mr. Stetson had taken as much pains to find a new drama as he did to import "The Romany Rye" and revive "The Corsican Brothers" and "Never too late to Mend," he might have been more successful at Booth's. However, experience is a good teacher, and our managers may in time find it worth their while to exert themselves to secure good talent, and become willing to pay liberally for the same.

Miss Barry, a new candidate for public favor, made her first appearance in America at the Union Square last week. She chose for her debut a "powerful drama in three acts," written by Tom Taylor, and called "Arkwright's Wife," though "The Spinning Jenny" would have been quite as felicitous a title. As for Mr. Tom Taylor, he secured an interesting plot, and has made from it an entertaining play, but THE JUDGE objects to its being called *powerful*. Parts of it are decidedly weak and improbable. There is too much talk all through, particularly in the first act; but it has its good points, the interest in it is well sustained, and it was received with applause by a large first-night audience. Miss Barry was cordially welcomed, and proved to be a capable, intelligent actress, trained in a good school. She is a fine looking woman, has a musical voice and graceful style, and is evidently not wanting in stage experience. Both the play and the player are well worth seeing, as are also "The Amadan" and the two Boucicaults at The Star.

Lotta is at the Fifth Avenue, playing a "farewell engagement," and Clara Morris is going through the agonies of "Article 47" at the Grand Opera House.

Rice's Surprise Party has succeeded Mr. Pitt at the Bijou, and Theo has finished another series of "farewell" performances at Daly's.

THE JUDGE has not yet been able to witness "A Bustle among Petticoats" at the new Twenty-Third Street Theatre, but he is not only willing, but anxious, to take Salmi Morse's word for it, that the only vulgar thing about it is the title.

Callender's Colored Minstrels have given place to "The Merry War" at the Cosmopolitan, and "Vim" and "A Bunch of Keys" are flourishing as usual. Last, but not least, Lillian Russell continues to charm the dudes and other exquisites that flock to the Casino, and "A Russian Honeymoon" will be continued until further notice at the Madison Square.

#### CORRESPONDENTS.

WEST TROY.—The last contribution is very good. It will appear shortly.

PETER THE HERMIT.—Go preach another crusade, and leave Spring poetry alone.

TOMMY TADPOLE.—Send us a specimen; we cannot judge from your description.

NORMAN C.—You must affix your own valuation to what you send; otherwise we will regard your contribution as gratuitous.

A. W. M., Toronto.—Entirely too long. Enclose stamps for return postage if you desire to regain your manuscript.

ARTHUR E.—We would recommend you to take a firm grip of the shovel you laud so highly, and let the pen alone.

FRANKENSTEIN.—We may possibly use one of them. We will let you know further in a week or two.

FERGUS.—Your verse is better than your dialect. Dialects, unless well sustained, are not advisable, and if you had written your little poem "straight" we would probably have printed it.

H. B. S., Mantua.—We cannot promise to use one a week. One of your sketches is at present under consideration, and may appear. You omitted to affix your valuation, though your letter shows you have one in your mind.

FANNY.—Yes, we like poetry, and use it if it is all in our line and good for anything; but the greater part of what is sent us (your own included) is such bald rubbish that the mere sight of a page of alleged metre strikes horror to our soul. Mediocrity has, as a rule, a better chance in prose than in poetry. Mediocrity in this world is a few per cent. ahead of genius, therefore we recommend you and other amateurs to stick to plain prose, and (for THE JUDGE) to make your sketches short.

#### A TRAGEDY.

ONLY a cat on a back-yard fence,  
Basking i' the sun in drowsy si-lence.

Only a stone—very round and hard—  
Lay in the path of this same back-yard.

Only a boy—a dear, sweet little lad—  
Saw the cat and the stone, and was awful glad.

The stone no longer lies cold and still,  
But has a mission on earth to fill.

With accurate aim, combined with grace,  
The stone is thrown with terrific pace.

Boy's bright eyes follow career of stone:  
Cat stops the same with an agonized moan.

'Neath the fence lies the cat, past all repair,  
No longer troubled with earthly care.

No more sweet songs nor tuneful airs—  
The cat has ascended the golden stairs.

The boy is happy, and points with pride  
At the cat and the stone lying side by side

GUS. L. CARLL.

It is now said to be the proper thing for smooth terriers to be adorned with a plain gold bracelet soldered above the forefoot and surmounted with a monogram. Puppies have heretofore always worn their monograms on their watch chains as charms, or on their rings.



OUR RELIC ARTIST.

"WHAT cut-throat is this?" we asked our new special artist, who has been engaged at an enormous salary to furnish portraits for THE JUDGE, as he handed in the above sketch. "Out of what Mott-street opium den did you get your original for that precious picture?"

"That," replied our new artist innocently and wonderingly, "That is Robert Lincoln. I thought you asked me for his portrait."

"So we did; but we didn't ask you for that Bowery bar-tender's phiz—well, never mind that now. Lincoln is an easy-going man, isn't he?"

"I believe so."

"Perhaps he won't sue us for libel. Good mind to publish it, and chance it."

"Libel!" said the artist, indignantly; "why, that's a speaking likeness."

"You're a-speaking metaphorically. Well, here it is, anyhow, and let the public judge. If the office is not wrecked next week, we may let you try again."

**A JAPANESE FAN.**

ONE Miss Bessie Chandler (in an exchange) thus discourses of the Japanese fan: OTHERS may sing of the budding trees, The greening grass and the balmy breeze, Of the robin's song, and the other things We have learned to expect with recurring springs; Others may sing of them—those who can—I sing the song of the Japanese fan.

Of the Japanese fan, with its wild, weird birds; Its strange and peculiar flocks and herds; Its sunsets and thunder-clouds—gloomy foreboders Of storms that are coming; its peaked pagodas; Its flowers of a species quite unknown to man, But which flourish and thrive on a Japanese fan.

Then there are the women, those curious creatures, With their fortified heads and their queer bias features;

And there is the bird lightly poised on a twig, The twig very little, the bird very big; And those intricate tangles, without form or plan, That gleam from the sides of a Japanese fan.

In the background we often see Mount Fusi-yama, As sacred an object as Thibet's Grand Lama; The shrubs and the bushes most likely are tea, But the cross-legged gentlemen—who can they be, Vacantly gazing, as hard as they can, While sitting around on a Japanese fan?

Perhaps they are gods—they have rather that air; Perhaps 'tis a rule of art over there, Which no one dare break lest he be undone, That the gods cross their legs and the storks stand on one—

For thus, since their importation began, They have always appeared on a Japanese fan.

Whatever they're meant for, I bless one and all, As I pin them around over spots on the wall; As I carelessly stick them in jars and in bowls, And cover adroitly the black stovepipe holes; No matter how bare be the desert, I can Make it bloom like the rose with the Japanese fan.

Oh, Japanese fan! if you only had feet I'd lay down before them a rich tribute meet In praise of your beauty and use, and the grace With which you can cover an unsightly place— And, believe me, I'll sing as loud as I can, Long may you wave, O Japanese fan!

LAWYER—"You say you made an examination of the premises. What did you find?" Witness—"Oh, nothing of consequence; a beggarly account of empty boxes, as Shakespeare says." Lawyer—"Never mind what Shakespeare says. He will be summoned, and can testify for himself if he knows anything about the case."—*Boston Transcript*.

IN Paris now the dude is called a "pschutt." We thought it was about time to pschutt down on the dude.—*Norristown Herald*.

"I AM going to turn over a new leaf," as the caterpillar remarked when he had successfully ruined the one he was on.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

DAVID DAVIS naturally couldn't see anything very remarkable in the big trees of California.—*Lowell Citizen*.

THIS is the season when even the poor, down-trodden carpet turns—and gets beaten.—*Jersey City Tattler*.

THE Delaware cabbage crop is all right. This will be pleasing intelligence for the smokers of cheap cigars.—*Oil City Blizzard*.

THE weather bureau is the storm scenter.—*Cincinnati Drummer*.

**A PUNSTER'S NARROW ESCAPE.**

"MR. BLIFKINS, I do wish you would give up that abominable practice of punning," said the good lady to her old man at breakfast this morning.

"You don't like punning, my dear!" said old B., with affected surprise. "You know very well that I don't. I'd rather have a hedgehog in the house than a punster."

"I see," said the incorrigible brute; "hedgehog, eh? H'm—hog! Ah, yes; it's for pork-you-pine," and he slipped under his end of the table just in time to dodge the bowl of mush hurled at his head by the now thoroughly exasperated woman.—*Courageous Exchange*.

A LITTLE sketch going the rounds of the press is headed "A young Woman with a History." A female book agent, we suspect. She frequently visits this town. Sometimes she has a history—in fifty-two parts—and sometimes a volume of poetry, that "should be in every intelligent household."—*Norristown Herald*.

A POLITE man, truly: The scene is laid in a railway carriage, where seven passengers are smoking furiously. The eighth passenger courteously: "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I do hope that my not smoking doesn't inconvenience you."—*French Fun*.

THEY were boasting about ancestry. "My forefathers," said John, "came over from England on the Mayflower." "And my ancestry," said Pat, "kim over from Quonestown on the Sunflower. It's aesthetic I am, begorra!"—*Lowell Citizen*.

ELDERLY philanthropist to small boy, who is vainly striving to pull a door bell above his reach—"Let me help you, my little man." (Pulls the bell.) Small boy—"Now you had better run, or we'll both get a licking!"—*Fliegende Blatter*.

THEY were courting. "Don't sit so near me," she said. "I ain't near you," said he. "You are." "I ain't." "Then you will be." "No I won't, either." "Then you'd better go home, for I ain't got no use for you." No cards.—*Cin. Drummer*.

"BAH JOVE!" exclaimed young Dudiboi, "the weathah is getting so mild, yer know, that I must have the ferrule taken off my cane. It's too beastly heavy for a warm day, yer know."—*Boston Transcript*.

BUILDERS will have a good field in London during the coming summer, as several prominent Fenians predict that a great many public buildings will go up there.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

THE man who has been shouting to every one for the past nine months, "Shut the door!" will be wondering for the next six months why every fool does it when he goes out.—*Harlem Times*.

DURING the winter we feel that we can hold our own pretty well as an average liar, but now that the circus bill is beginning to adorn the wall, we feel our utter insignificance.—*Evansville Argus*.

THE New Yorkers might easily have raised the necessary \$250,000 for the pedestal of the Bartholdi statue, if the subject of it—Liberty—had been a little better known to the inhabitants of that city.—*Lowell Cit.*

"BOARD wanted"—as the young lady said when she came to a mud puddle in the sidewalk.—*Burlington Free Press*.

**PLACE IT IN YOUR SAFE.**

INVEST \$8 for a \$10,000 accident policy, with \$50 weekly indemnity, in THE UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION, 320 and 322 Broadway, N. Y., and place it in your safe. Twenty-five dollars a year will carry this insurance, and should misfortune overtake you in the way of fatal or disabling injury, there will never be cause to regret your forethought and prudence. European permits without extra charge.

"Now then, witness," said the cross-examining counsel, sternly, "does the preceding witness enjoy your entire confidence?" "Great Scott, no! Why, that's my wife."—*San Francisco Post*.

THE most pitiable case of insanity on record is that of the Vermont man who continually thinks that someone is about to take up a collection.—*Boston Post*.

IT is the fashion this year for bald-headed people to wear their summits so highly polished that when a fly lights on it he'll slip and break his neck.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

IF you want to hide a box of strawberries where the children will never find them, just put them in the bottom of a quart measure.—*Rochester Express*.

THE modest young woman "who turned all colors" has given up the business, owing to the multiplicity of new shades.—*Boston Post*.

MANY a man who thinks himself a person of note is not so far out of the way. He may be a natural or a flat.—*Boston Trans.*

**Castoria.**

Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle In spite of doctors and the cradle; Thus it was that our pet Victoria Made home howl until sweet Castoria Cured her pains;—Then for peaceful slumber, All said our prayers and slept like thunder.

**PILES PERMANENTLY ERADICATED IN 1 TO 3** weeks without knife, ligature, or caustic. Send for circular containing references. DR. HOYT, 36 West 27th st., New York.

Read's 3-minute Headache and Neuralgia Cure never fails. Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cts. W. H. READ, Baltimore and Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.

50 All New Enameled Gold and Floral Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. W. H. Card Works, West Haven, Ct.

**STOP HERE!** TWO PICTURES of MALE and FEMALE BEAUTIES, only 15c. Four for 25c. With Model Love letter and Catalogue. W. FOX, Fultonville, N. Y. (name paper).



\$5000 Accident Insurance. \$25 Weekly Indemnity. Membership Fee, \$4. Annual cost about \$11. \$10,000 Insurance, with \$50 Weekly Indemnity, at Corresponding Rates. Write or call for Circular and Application Blanks. European Permits without extra charge. CHAS. B. PEET, (of Rogers, Peet & Co.), President. JAS. R. FITCHER, Secretary. 320 and 322 Broadway, New York.

**Gastrine**  
(IN LIQUID FORM)  
**CURES DYSPEPSIA**  
DRUGGISTS.

**THE HANNIS DISTILLING CO.**

FINE WHISKIES :  
**ACME, TIDAL WAVE AND VICTOR.**

DISTILLERIES :  
MOUNT VERNON AND HANNISVILLE.

**THEO. BOMEISLER, Sole Agent,**  
50 BEAVER STREET, N. Y.

The Hannis Distilling Company received the Prize Medal at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876.

**NEW STORE.**

31 and 33 West 23d Street.

165 pieces double-width all-wool **Shooda Cloth**  
At 35 cents per yard.

These Goods are in all shades, and are worth 62 1-2 cts.

59 pieces **Cashmere des Indes**, all new shades, at  
75 cts. per yd., well worth \$1.

25 pieces 46-inch **Black all-wool French Cashmere**,  
at 55 cts. per yd., worth 75 cts.

For the convenience of our friends in the country,  
we will send samples of these goods by mail.

**Silk Costumes, from \$16.50 upwards.**

100 dozen French hand-made Chemises, sacque  
shape, at 50 cts.—never before offered at this price.

37 dozen French hand-made Night Dresses at \$1.

This is a decided bargain.

**Le BOUTILLIER & BRO.,**  
Of 23d Street.

GENERAL PURCHASING AGENTS.

**DONNELL & CO.,**

7 West 14th Street, N. Y.

BUYERS AND FORWARDERS TO ALL PARTS OF THE  
COUNTRY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION OF GOODS IN  
LARGE OR SMALL QUANTITIES. HOUSEFURNISHING  
GOODS, CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, BOOKS, STATIONERY, MU-  
SIC, HATS, SHOES, JEWELRY, DRUGS, GROCERIES, SEEDS,  
FARMING IMPLEMENTS, &c. NO COMMISSION CHARGED.  
SEND FOR CIRCULAR. MENTION THIS PAPER.

**30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE.**

We send free, on THIRTY days' trial, Dr. Dye's Electro-Vol-  
taic Belts and other Electric Appliances TO MEN suffering  
from Nervous Debility, Loss of "ally and kindred troubles.—  
Also for RHEUMATISM, LIVER and KIDNEY TROUBLES, and  
MANY OTHER DISEASES. Speedy cures guaranteed. Illustrated  
pamphlets free. Address  
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

THE MOST POPULAR IN USE.  
Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 333, 161.  
FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS.  
**ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,**  
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

**A BOON TO MEN**

All those who from indiscretions, excesses or other causes are  
weak, unnerved, low spirited, physically drained, and unable to  
perform life's duties properly, can be certainly and perman-  
ently cured, without stomach medicines. Endorsed by doctors,  
ministers and the press. *The Medical Weekly* says: "The old  
plan of treating Nervous Debility, Physical Decay, &c.,  
is wholly superseded by THE MARSTON BELT'S." Even  
hopeless cases assured of certain restoration to full and per-  
fect manhood. Simple, effective, cleanly, pleasant. Send  
for it at once. Consultation with physician free.  
MARSTON REMEDY CO., 46 W. 14th St., New York.

**Piles! Piles! Piles!**

Cured without the use of Knife, Powder or Salve.  
Patients suffer no pain. No charges until cured. Consultation  
free. Write for References.

DR. A. A. CORKINS, 213 West 24th St.

**PACK OF WONDERS!**

CONTAINS 3 Photos of Mrs. Langtry in different positions; 1  
Photo of Jennie Cramer; 3 Beautiful Actresses in Stage cos-  
tume; 1 pack "Hold to Light" cards; 1 pack Acquaintance  
cards; 15 Pleasant Games; 1 limit, Silk Handkerchief; 1 pack Trick  
Cards; 1 Bird and Animal Imitator; 1 elegant Plaque; 100 Selections  
for Autograph Albums; 20 latest Songs, as sung by Harrigan  
& Hart, Tony Pastor, J. K. Emmett, etc.; 1 beautiful little Book  
containing 14 story illustrations; 1 Pocket Book; 12 Night  
Scenes; 1 pkg. Masquerade Scenes; Comic Cards; 1 beautiful  
Chromo. The entire lot by mail for 35 cents (P. O. Stamps).  
BLUO NOVELTY CO., 7 Warren Street, New York.

WHAT a fairy hand she had  
Twenty years ago!

Heigh ho, heigh ho!  
Like a nestling dove it was,  
And as white as snow.

Heigh ho, heigh ho!

Now she's forty-one and fat,

What a change, in truth!

Heigh ho, heigh ho!

Daphne's hand has grown so red—

Like a ham, forsooth,

Heigh ho, heigh ho!

—Columbia Spectator.

A LONDON clergyman says death is a grim subject to jest upon, and then adds: "It must be very awkward in the other world before one knows one's way about and while one is liable to fall across one's old acquaintances." Yes, and to be hailed with that expression one has got so weary of hearing every summer: "Is it hot enough for you?"—Boston Post.

A NEW book called "Twelve Americans," is a history of a dozen eminent men from Washington down. The other eminent American, whom modesty forbids us to name, was omitted, we presume, because the author believes thirteen is an unlucky number. It is a ridiculous superstition.—Norristown Herald.

A PENNSYLVANIA man has applied for a pension because he lost a tooth during the war. He doesn't appear to have lost any "cheek" anyhow. Next thing we know men who lost their characters during the war will be applying for pensions.—Norristown Herald.

BARNUM has thirteen Nubians as curiosities, the claim being that they have a horror of water for "bathing purposes." Now let him gather the New York Board of Aldermen under the canvas as a body of men that abhor water for drinking purposes.—Hartford Post.

"I DON'T like to have my husband chew tobacco," remarked a young married lady, "but I put up with it, for the tin-foil is just too handy for anything in doing up my front crimps!"—Somerville Journal.

AN exchange tells of "a young lady losing the sole of her slipper while enjoying the intoxicating whirl of the waltz." Of what profit was it to her if she had gained the whole whirl if she thereby lost her sole?—Whitehall Times.

THE "Black Hand Society" is rapidly increasing in Spain. There is an agent of the society now in Burlington. He licks his thumb and then turns the pages of a new book with it.—Burlington Hawkeye.

BUILDING is going on in Philadelphia so fast this spring that the man who goes to sleep on a lot at night is liable to have a roof over his head in the morning—that is, if the police do their duty.—Philadelphia Herald.

A SUBSCRIPTION is being taken up for a New York policeman. He lost \$10,000, the savings of two long years of frugality, while investigating a faro-bank on his beat.—Lowell Citizen.

A YOUNG lady being told at a recent fire to stand back, or else the hose would be turned on her, replied: "Oh, I don't care, they are striped on both sides anyway."—Exchange.

GENERAL BUTLER is said to own considerable property in New York and Washington in addition to the State of Massachusetts.—Phila. News.



"I owe my  
Restoration  
to Health  
and Beauty  
to the  
**CUTICURA  
REMEDIES.**"

Testimonial of a Bos-  
ton lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tor-  
tures, scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by  
the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the  
blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements,  
and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and In-  
flammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores,  
and restores the hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requi-  
site, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin  
Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sun-Burn and Greasy  
Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only Infallible  
Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price—Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents;  
Resolvent, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. BOSTON, MASS.

**PORTRAITS! AGENTS WANTED!** Can get 5  
profit on each order. OUTFIT FREE. Send at once for circular  
and terms.

SAFFORD ADAMS & CO., 48 Bond St., N. Y.

**GENUINE** Transparent Cards. Each Card contains a RARE  
Scene, visible only when held to the light. Warranted to  
suit. Full deck of 52 cards by mail for 50c. prepaid. Stamps ta-  
ken. F. CATON & CO., Box 2257, Boston, Mass.

**BEST CARDS SOLD!** All new: 50 Large, Perfect  
chromos, name on, 10c. Beautiful  
designs of Art. Satisfaction Sure. Elegant Album of Samples  
with Mammoth Illustrated Premium List, 25c. Good Work.  
Prompt Returns. F. W. Austin, New Haven, Ct.

**IF YOU ARE MARRIED** or con-  
templating taking this important step, we can send you information which  
you ought to know, and worth \$100. Our 16-page circular mailed  
free. Address OGILVIE & CO., 35 Rose Street, New York.

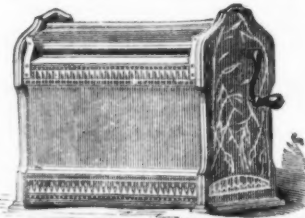
**A CARD.**

To all suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, ner-  
vous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a  
recipe that will cure, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy  
was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self  
addressed envelope to Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, N. Y.

**I CURE FITS**

When I say cure, I do not mean  
merely to stop them for a time and  
then have them return again, I  
mean a radical cure. I have made  
the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long  
study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others  
have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once  
for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express  
and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.  
Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 188 Pearl Street, New York.

**MUSICAL NOVELTIES.**



Music Boxes from \$1.00 Up.

ORGUINETTES, CABINETTES, TOURNAPHONES, MUSICAL  
CABINETS, AUTOMATIC PIANOS, PIPE AND REED ORGANS,  
SMALL INSTRUMENTS, \$5 TO \$50. LARGE INSTRUMENTS,  
\$50 TO \$250.

**831 BROADWAY**

Between 12th and 13th Streets.  
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.  
**THE MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE COMPANY.**

**CANDY**

Send one, two, three or five dollars  
for a retail box, by express, of the  
1st best candies in the world, put up in  
handsome boxes. All strictly pure.  
Suitable for presents. Try it once.  
Address, **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**  
78 Madison St., Chicago.



**S. F. HAYWARD, Gen'l Agent,**  
407 Broadway N.Y. City.

**WITH FIVE DOLLARS**  
YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE  
**IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN**  
100 FLORINS  
**GOVERNMENT BOND,**  
ISSUED IN 1864.

Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings, FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY. Until each and every Bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. Every Bond MUST draw a prize, as THERE ARE NO BLANKS.

THE THREE HIGHEST PRIZES AMOUNT TO  
**200,000 FLORINS,**  
**20,000 FLORINS,**  
**15,000 FLORINS,**

And Bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than 200 Florins.

The next drawing takes place on the  
**1st of June, 1883,**  
And every Bond bought of us on or before the 1st of June is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. **OUT OF TOWN ORDERS,** sent in REGISTERED LETTERS, and enclosing \$3, will secure one of these Bonds for the next drawing. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

**INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,**

No. 207 Broadway, cor. Fulton St., New York City.  
ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.  
N. B.—In writing, please say that you saw this in THE JUDGE.

**WEBER**

MANUFACTURER OF

**Grand, Square and Upright PIANO FORTES.**

CATALOGUE MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

WAREHOUSES,

5th Avenue and West 16th Street,  
NEW YORK CITY.

**HOW TO WIN AT CARDS, DICE, &c.**  
**A SURE THING! Sent Free to Anyone.** Manufacture and keep constantly on hand every article known to the Sporting Fraternity, and used by them to WIN with in games of chance. Send for my mammoth circular. Address, or call, in person, **SUYDAM, 65 & 67 Nassau St., New York City.**



**PROMISES OF SPRING.**

"No, they're not done—but you can have them next week."—*Boot-maker to customer-who-has-called-six-times.*

"Certainly—to-morrow morning."—*Husband to wife-who-wants-the-carpet-beaten.*

"About a week from next Saturday, sure."—*Young man to tailor-who-furnished-winter-overcoat.*

"I will give you your answer in the fall."—*Girl to young-man-who-has-bought-the-winter's-ice-cream.*

"Yes—oh, yes—I'll paint and paper throughout—glad to do it."—*Sarcastic landlord to tenant-who-owes-two-quarters'-rent.*

"Of course I will, at once."—*Fresh-young-man-who-doesn't-know to wife-who-wants-a-flower-bed.*—*Rockland Courier Gazette.*

SULLIVAN, the pugilist, is said to be "drinking himself to death." When he accomplishes that task he may have a larger funeral than an American statesman or philanthropist, but we don't believe his death will affect the price of stocks or draw a telegram of sympathy from the crowned heads of Europe.—*Unitarian Herald.*

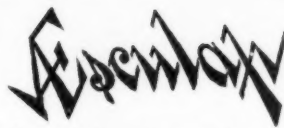
In Hindostan, when a husband dies, his widow burns herself to death on a pile of cord wood. This custom possesses an excellent feature. A Hindoo doesn't pay the interest on a life insurance policy for \$10,000 for his wife's second husband to spend.—*Rochester Express.*

A "SUBSTITUTE for leather" has been invented, and we are glad of it; long experience has proved that pasteboard is not quite strong enough.—*Philadelphia News.*

It is spring time with the frog, when the small boy is around with a stone.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

**Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale.**

SOLE MANUFACTORY: BELFAST, IRELAND.



Preserves the Health by promoting all the vital functions. It purifies and at the same time cools the blood, and so clears the head and improves the complexion.

For sale by all Druggists.

**A Revolution in Pens.**

THE LANCASTER GOVERNMENT FOUNTAIN PEN does not destroy the character of the handwriting—always ready—sent to any address on receipt of price, \$3.50, fitted with 14 karat Gold Pen. A PERFECT STYLOGRAPHIC PEN at only \$1.00.  
312 Broadway, New York.



**Columbia Bicycle**  
Is what every Boy wants, and what every Man ought to have.

Send 3-cent stamp for new, elegantly illustrated 36-page Catalogue and Price List.

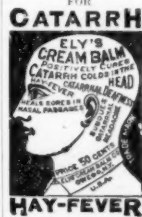
**THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,**

636 Washington St., Boston, Mass.  
New York Riding School, 34th St., near 3d av.

**AGENTS**

CAN NOW GRASP A FORTUNE.  
Outfit worth \$10 free. Address  
E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay st., N. Y.

A Positive Cure is  
**ELY'S CREAM BALM,**



**FOR CATARRH**  
The Blood would run.  
For five years I was a great sufferer from Catarrh. My nostrils were so sensitive that I could not bear the least bit of dust—at times so bad the blood would run, and at night I could hardly breathe. After trying many things without much benefit, I was induced to use Ely's Cream Balm. To-day I am a living witness of its efficacy.  
PETER BRUCE, Farmer, Ithaca, N. Y.

Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranous linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular for information and reliable testimonials. Will deliver by mail 25c. a package—stamps.  
ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

**CATARRH**  
To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address  
Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

**BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY PRESENTS.**  
**Beatty's Organs and Pianofortes.**  
THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HOUSE IN AMERICA.

As the time is approaching when many will buy something handsome for HOLIDAY, Birthday or Wedding Presents, I beg to announce that nothing can be more suitable than an ORGAN or PIANO-FORTE. Before you make a purchase write for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE showing elegant styles at lowest prices. DO NOT BUY ELSEWHERE until you send FOR HOLIDAY CIRCULARS, NOW READY. Valuable information to the retail buyer. If you have no time to write a letter send a postal anyway.

Address or call upon **DANIEL F. BEATTY,** BEATTY'S MANUFACTORY, BEATTY'S OFFICES AND WAREHOUSES, Railroad Ave. & Beatty St., Beatty Building, Washington Ave., WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY, United States of America.  
"The Largest Organ and Piano Establishment in Existence."  
While as a rule over the doors of other manufactories you read "Positively No Admittance, &c.," over Beatty's you read "VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME."

**BEHNING**  
FIRST CLASS  
Grand Square & Upright PIANOS.

Warerooms: 15 E. 14th St. & 129 E. 125th St.  
Factory, N. E. corner 12th st. and 1st ave., New York.

**CARDS.** Send two 3c. Stamps for fine new set of six "GILT PALETTE'S" WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

**SHORTHAND** WRITING thoroughly taught by mail or personally. SITUATIONS procured all pupils when competent. Send for circular. W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.

OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END.—ECL. 12:12.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

NEAT AND ELEGANT

**BOOK BINDING**

From the Plainest to the Most Elaborate Styles. Emblematic Designs for all the Leading Subscription Books. Specimens on exhibition.

IF YOU WANT GOOD WORK, AT LOW FIGURES, AND SAVE AGENT'S COMMISSION, COME DIRECT TO

**JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St., N. Y.**

A FILE OF NEW YORK HERALD, 1847, AND TIMES, TO DATE, AND ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE. EDITION WORK AT SHORT NOTICE A SPECIALTY.



THE JUDGE.



OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AMONG THE BILLIARD EXPERTS.